

Washed Out

by ModestDragon

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Summary: The day everyone saw coming but couldn't stop. The day when the people gave up and let go. The day everything finally fell apart and Hiccup watched as his whole world collapsed and was swallowed up by the sea. With nothing left, he'll have to build new beginnings, new friends and foes, and a new him. All the while, a very distinguished dragon takes interest in him. Collab: Absi

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Washed Out

****Hey y'all! Welcome to a new story, a collaboration between I as myself (GuySuperDuper), and the ultra amazing and incredibly imaginative- one and only, Absi B. This story will obviously be posted to my page, and we will swap on the on the writing battlefield every chapter, with Absi firing it off with this chapter! We hope you guys like it!****

* * *

><p>Another ball of white-hot flame spears a vulnerable wooden dwelling, searing white spots into my eyes and making them dance in front of a backdrop of burning wood and smoldering possessions. A house, its owner only just having had time to repair it from the last attack, is burst open by the arrival of the two-headed Zippleback, the pair of heads breaking twin circular holes in the walls and lighting the house up with an enthusiastic spark. The Great Hall, the doors of which were once large and imposing, has been reduced to a large open cavern; the doors are now smoldering ashes on the floor. The wind whips them up and blows them hither and thither, the last vestiges of a monument which had stood for generations scattered to each of the four corners of the world.<p>

It's pretty obvious when the dragons decide to attack. I was just walking down to the forge to shape some parts for a new project I'm working on when the damned creatures chose that particular moment to

strike. Maybe it's because it's the middle of the night and I was the only thing stirring in the sleepy village. I'm not the only thing now, of course; if I were, it's safe to say that my days on the planet would be almost over, if not finished already.

I've been working on this huge project with Gobber for some months now, a last-ditch attempt sort of thing. I don't suppose it will ever be finished now. It was meant to be something to keep the dragons at bay for a little longer until we could finally replenish our failing defenses and ward them off effectively like we used to. I hardly remember the days when it was easy to fend off a dragon raid; it must be over nine summers since I last saw the catapults at full strength and all of the torches able to hoist their deterring light into the sky.

The familiar sounds of desperate screaming and dripping Nightmare plasma unfold around me as I upgrade my walk to a run through the haphazard streams of burly, running Vikings.

We all appear weak and terrified, looking at the dark skies with wide eyes, trying to pick out the elusive attackers amongst the stars.

A shoulder roughly barges mine, and I'm spun round full-circle; when my eyes adjust, I work out who it was that pushed me.

Snotlout, his body broad-shouldered and muscular, the complete antithesis of me and what any chief's son should look like, carries a bucket to try and put out the flames on a nearby building. He's followed by Astrid, Ruffnut, Tuffnut and Fishlegs. All their work is in vain, for as soon as one fire is extinguished another three are born.

I make it to the forge, thankfully still with all my limbs, and push open the door to see a red-faced Gobber frantically changing prosthetics.

"So, ye finally decided to join the party, eh?" he calls cheerfully as the clanging of hammer on bent sword commences once again. "One day, they're bound to get you at last."

"I'm way too slippery for them to catch me," I shoot back, grabbing a couple of swords to toss onto the hot coals. I jump on the bellows, letting what little weight I have push them downwards and make the embers glow once more.

After a few repeats of the jumping process, the swords are sufficiently heated for me to shape. I take two swords from the heap, handing one to Gobber, and begin to pound at the blade with a hammer. It soon straightens out, and I dunk it in water before running it quickly over the grindstone to give it a new edge.

One sword done, an endless stream of swords still to come.

"Are you still workin' back there? This pile of swords doesn't seem to be getting any smaller."

"Yes, Gobber." I'm used to his taunts and insults now. I grab another sword and work it even more quickly than I did the last, the metallic clangs ringing out with impressive frequency.

In my haste to finish the sword I grab the still-hot blade, and quickly draw my fingers back with a yelp.

"What're you doin' over there?" a now-irate Gobber snaps. Usually he relishes the intense workload forced upon him during raids; I've just made him mad, and that can never end well.

"I'm... I just... it was..."

"Stop your blathering, boy! Don't you want to be a blacksmith some day?"

"Well, yes, but..." I trail off, unsure about how my next words will sit with the huge man.

"But what? Spit it out."

"Can't I work on the launcher instead?" I ask, the words tumbling over themselves in their haste to pass between my lips.

Gobber turns to me, letting his hammer prosthetic fall to his side and his flesh hand drop from the sword blade he's currently working on. His voice takes on a softer tone as he says, "Hiccup, I don't think we're goin' to need that now."

"But why not?"

"It's too little, too late, boy. The dragons're takin' over the village. We can't hold them off any longer."

"But that's what the-"

"The answer's no. There's nothin' we can do now. It's just a matter of time before â€" "

Over the cacophony of fleeing Vikings and gleefully pursuing demons, my father's voice rings out:

"To the ships!"

Gobber looks at me, as if to say, I told you so, before choosing a couple of attachments for his arm and grabbing a water skin with which to flee the island.

"Better hurry up an' get to the ships. They'll just as likely leave without yer if you're not fast enough."

With those delightful parting words he's off, hobbling across the pebbled plaza.

The people who had once been milling around randomly have now stopped and stood motionless, their minds now focused on one objective. They move as one, all swarming down to the docks. Any half-intelligent one among them would know that there isn't enough space on the boats for every man, woman and child. We only usually need to carry the warriors among us; these warships certainly weren't built for what my father is about to use them for.

I know I won't stand a chance against some of the burlier Vikings and, since nobody respects or cares for me enough to want me on board

a ship anyway, I've got to find my own way off this island.

I've known about the plan to leave Berk for a while now, but I never thought it would actually happen.

The dragon attacks had been lessening in frequency and intensity; obviously, they were preparing for this final, devastating raid. They knew we were weak. The idea was to try and rebuild the town as much as possible between the ever-more-frequent nightly attacks, but the damage grew so great we simply didn't have time between raids to repair the town. Over the years the town has become more run-down, so much so that many people have simply given up rebuilding and have taken to living in easily replaceable fabric tents in the village square. Gobber couldn't produce weapons faster than they were destroyed by the accurate blasts of our very own scaly demons, and our supplies quickly ran short. The catapults lay dormant, either in need of repair or ammunition, and the men cowered in their houses, unable to fight the terrors because there was no hope of victory with bare hands.

There was no hope of victory, no matter what weaponry we had; I know that now.

Everything has been sliding, and tonight it's finally come to the end. The end of Berk as I know it.

I don't know where we are going, or how we'll even survive. I just know that here is no longer my home. This place, promised to me upon my birth sixteen summers ago, is no longer to be my kingdom. I will rule over the place we find, if we find any at all.

The whole population of Berk could die on those ships. We could die at sea, the ships left to rot and be capsized on the waves, our rotting corpses launched into the deep ocean where they would be absorbed by the seabed and whatever lives down there. The entire village, wiped out in a few days. Generations of Vikings, some with so much of their lives left to live, all gone. The end doesn't look good, that's for sure.

I know I'm never going to make it onto one of the larger ships, but thankfully I know of another boat. It's only small, designed for one, but very few people know about it. And in the crowd of hysterical people, I don't think anyone will even care to consider it. My feet know where they're going, and they carry me forward. I run with the huddled mass for a few moments before peeling off to the left, taking a steeper wooden walkway. There's not meant to be anything down here, save for a few prime fishing spots, but I know there's a skiff moored nearby.

A couple of skins of water swing into my vision and I grab at them frantically, as desperate as anyone to survive. There's no way I'll survive in that barren ocean without water. I can grab a fishing rod and bait from the fishing spots and I'll catch something out there.

As I approach the fishing spots, I spy something even better than a fishing rod. Someone was fishing here not too long before the raid, probably one of the cannier fishermen since they think the fish are more likely to bite in the evening and into the night, and they've left all of their supplies down here. There's a small basket of food,

including some bread and meat, a small supply of salt and another water skin. I scoop the basket up in my arms like a beloved child, grabbing myself a fishing rod and a tin of bait at the same time. My hands are now hopelessly full and I'm really off balance, but at least I'm going to survive.

I stumble drunkenly to the skiff, throwing all of my items into the base of the boat. They land in an untidy heap and I throw myself in among them. I toss the oars off to the side and try to settle myself down a little on the hard wooden bench. Around me, the shouting and violent abuse being hurled tumbles down the sheer cliff walls and echoes around my secluded location.

I'm about to untie the rope mooring me to the jetty when a shrill yell echoes down the cliffs.

"That's my boat!"

I glance up to see a huge man moving with surprisingly fleet feet down the steep wooden ramp towards me.

"Oh, gods," I mutter to myself, frantically reaching for the rope attaching me to the jetty. He reaches the flat planking of the jetty just as I manage to un-loop the rope, his nimble feet dashing across to me as I push off with shaking arms. I slump back down on the wooden bench, relieved that the threat is neutralized, but the man won't give up that easily. He reaches out towards me, lunging for the stern of my little skiff.

A small wave carries me up and down, interrupting his attempt to grab my boat. I turn, snatching up an oar and thrashing desperately at the water with it. It's not the way to row, I know, but I need time to work out how to row effectively.

My badly timed and sloppy paddling does the job, and the man is left screaming curses at me as I drift away.

I settle back down onto the hard wooden bench and I fumble awkwardly with the oars, not having spent that much time doing any of the hard work on any of the ships I've traveled on. Eventually I get them to settle in the rings to either side of me, and I dip them gingerly into the water and try a stroke. I almost drop the oars at the resistance of the water, but at least I start to move.

I repeat the action a few more times, with each stroke becoming more confident in my action until I can row fairly smoothly and not almost drop the oars every minute.

My mind, previously numb from my selfish actions, has finally emerged from its stupor and is relentlessly whirring with thought.

I just killed that man. Well, indirectly. I doomed him to die in the ruined buildings of Berk. There won't be any room left on the ships now. Perhaps he'll hide in the cavernous Great Hall, make his last stand behind piled tables and benches behind the fire out that is no longer lit, die heroically by the flesh-melting flame of a demon. Or maybe he won't. Maybe he'll just hide in the corner of some ruined house, cower from everything until either the dragons or starvation get to him.

My musings have meant that it's only now that I realize what's been going on for these past few minutes. The village now burns freely and with vigor, without anybody there to try to quell the flames. I see more plasma erupting from invisible demons in the dark sky, coating the buildings with its viscous heat. I watch as one of the few remaining functioning catapults is hit by a perfect shot from a Night Fury.

That damned dragon has been the bane of our existence ever since it started raiding us about five summers ago. It's impossible to see because it's as black as the night is, and it swoops down so fast nobody can catch it. It never even bothers to take our food or crops; I figure that it's just attacking our defenses to make it easier for the other dragons to break through. Never mind now.

The dragons obviously haven't realized yet that they're attacking an empty village. Maybe they will never realize, and they'll keep senselessly attacking what's left of Berk whilst we live in peace someplace else.

I don't really know how long it will take for them to notice, if at all.

My father's never thought me worthy for dragon training, despite the fact that all of the other teens are already skilled in the art of slaying dragons, so I know nothing of their intelligence. It has been my one dream for so many years now, to complete dragon training. To finally be part of the group of teens on Berk. I've had to stand uselessly by whilst they learned to defend themselves because I'm not good enough for anybody to consider me as a dragon-killing candidate.

Now, I'm never going to get the chance to complete dragon training in the arena.

I catch sight of the arena as I row quickly away from the smoldering village, the doors burned down and the dragons previously confined within its walls now free to attack the village which has been home to their tormentors for so many generations. The dragons now swarm over the mesh, attacking the death pit with a vengeance I have rarely seen.

A whistling cry, and the iron mesh of the arena roof explodes into a thousand individual links with the impact of a powerful blast from the invisible Night Fury. Its fire is stronger than any other I know; things impervious to all other dragons' fire will crumble as if they were wood under the withering blows of this seemingly omnipotent dragon. I wince as a shattering crash of metal against stone echoes all around the cliffs and catches me in its spray.

Closing my eyes for a moment, I try and leave the image of my village burning behind and row a little longer. I can't see where I'm going, and I've pretty much got the hang of this rowing action, so there's not much point in me keeping my eyes open.

My arms ache rhythmically as I row, the time drifting off with the current and washing up on some deserted shore where it cannot be found. The hundreds of strokes are indiscernible from one another and the waves roll under me so many times I give up counting. The minutes have fled, replaced with endless moments that engulf me in their

infinite length.

The first thing that brings the sense snapping back to me is the ominous rumbling of the gods in the black clouds above. The dragons would choose a night of a storm to send us running, wouldn't they?

I open my eyes and observe the rain curtain fast approaching with the sudden wind that has sprung up. The waves underneath the thin wooden hull of the boat increase in intensity, until I am moving meters up and down and the water is slapping threateningly at the sides of the boat. I pull the oars in, not wanting to risk their structural integrity with the undulating waters below.

I sit for a while, letting the currents carry me, sipping water from a skin. I only have two, and I've no idea how long I'm going to be at sea for, so I have to ration my water carefully.

The rain clouds finally burst and spill their tears onto my cheeks; I tip my eyes to the heavens and drink in the refreshing liquid.

I revel in the hydration for so long that the boat begins to fill with water and I don't notice. The waves around me are at their most violent now, and some of them slop over the shallow sides and deposit their dangerous weight in the bottom of the skiff.

Cursing, I bend over and try scooping the water out with my bare hands. I didn't bring anything with me to help me bail water because I thought I wouldn't need it.

My tiny volumes of water are like, well, drops in a vast ocean. My hands are too small, and not watertight enough, to be able to bail effectively.

Sighing, I take up one of the water skins and gulp down what is left within. The rain is streaming down in raging torrents now, trying to soak my heavy vest and leggings even more than they already are. My hair is plastered to my head; I have to contend with drops of water in my eyes every time I blink, which is often because the wind is hurling the needles of liquid at me with a ferocity I have rarely experienced.

Half of my water supply exhausted, I try to rescue my food by using the skin to bail the water rapidly collecting in the bottom of the boat. It seems to take an eternity to fill the skin each time, before I can hastily empty it out into the sea and begin the process all over again. The waves are making the job ever more difficult because they keep crashing the boat violently up and down; more than once, I've been tossed to the base of the boat and soaked anew.

The rain lashes down and, as I continue to bail frantically, a nefarious wave snatches one of the oars and carries it away into the distance.

All thoughts of finding my father and becoming chief of a new Berk have disappeared, replaced by an intense desperation to survive. I uselessly try to find the missing oar in the churning surf, bailing all the while. My mind is so focused on its task I don't even notice the huge wave until it takes me under.

My food and tiny skiff are pulled from my grasping fingers as the

ocean tugs me under. My mouth opens instinctively, and I suck in a mouthful of foul saltwater. This reawakens my survival instinct, and I surge towards the surface.

Upon breaking the surface, I look out for anything that might be left of my boat. The food is gone, down to the depths I imagine.

I turn, looking for anything to help me survive this tempest. Realizing too late that there are some harsh rocks in front of me, I am thrown at them. My head cracks against the hard grey surface and I see stars, but I retain my consciousness for long enough to realize that a lone wood plank from my skiff has also been smashed upon these rocks; my salvation.

In the few moments before the darkness overtakes me I force my battered body across to the plank and I can feel my fingers numbly grasping for the wood, and the harsh rasp of it against my fading cheek.

I finish destroying the catapult and then move on to the arena. One shot with my blue flame and it's gone, the gates to the prison of my brethren finally open. I see them stumble out dazedly before banking hard to the left and turning to face the open sea.

My wings open and fill with wind as I glide effortlessly on the squalls and swells that surround this tiny island. I see the long train of boats wending their way out to who- knows- where, my sharp eyes picking out their ginger bushy-bearded leader at the tiller of the foremost ship. He opens his mouth as I glide, invisible, above the fleet, and gives a command to someone. My ears pick up the faintest whispers of the shouts bellowed between the ships, and they all turn in a procession to the right.

And, in that moment, I know that the dragons have finally conquered the humans.

For so many generations, the puny humans have somehow managed to hold off the onslaught of us dragons. Now, we have exacted our revenge for the centuries of mirthless slaughter and imprisonment of our noble species. The once-powerful humans of this island have been reduced to fleeing cowards.

I feel a comforting stab of pride at the fact that I was involved in the bringing down of these people. For too long they have unjustly ruled- they think themselves smarter than us, but they do not know how wrong they are; for it is not the amount of knowledge that you can possess which determines who should be superior, it is the ways in which you utilize what you know. And we dragons can utilize our knowledge far more effectively than any vacuous Vikings.

Testing the air with my senses, I can tell that the rain is coming before it hits. It's the wind picking up and the indescribable feeling I get whenever a storm is approaching. I suppose we dragons have developed it in order to make sure we're out of the rain before it dampens our flames and renders our attacks useless. I turn my head this way and that, detecting the presence of rain in the north-westerly direction.

I bank away from it, angling my nose firmly in the other direction. I can find somewhere to shelter until the storm has passed and then wend my way back to the island I call my home.

Not too far away, I spot a narrow spit of land with a rocky formation at one end. I'm not really bothered about the quality of my accommodation; as long as it's dry I can make it as warm as I like.

Folding my wings I arrow downward, landing on the soft sand of the island with barely a whisper of grain upon claw. I scamper lightly across the beach to the rocky overhang; I'm just in time, because the rain begins to spot and dampen the sand just behind my retreating tail.

I stand vigil as the rain changes from intermittent spots to a relentless downpour, and huge white waves froth along the shore. The waves are so great that my tiny island is almost engulfed with their every attack.

Sensing that the rain will not be ceasing for a while to come I scorch a small patch of rock by the corner of the overhang and arrange my black membranes around me, curling my tail around the burned rock and ducking my head down into a small crevasse created from my folded wings. It's neither particularly warm nor comfortable, but I can sleep like this until the storm passes.

Closing my eyes, I let the roaring of the rain in my sensitive ears fade to nothing as my mind numbs to the outside world and I succumb to a deep slumber.

The day is bright; the rain, gone. I open my eyes to a far nicer scene, albeit with a few clouds to mar the almost flawless blue sky. I hear nothing other than the gentle wash of the waves on the shore, and the smooth scraping of sand being pulled to and from the beach. In the distance, I can just about catch the tiny clicking noises of a few crabs coming to rest on the shore.

Uncurling myself from my position, I stretch my cramped wings. I have no idea how long I spent sleeping; dragons can sleep for weeks and awaken thinking it has only been one night since they were last awake. I trail lazily out from the overhang into the sight of the sun, and it immediately begins to heat my scales.

Shivering with pleasure at the far more favorable conditions, I open my wings wide and break my bonds with the earth with a bound and a beat.

Soaring higher on an updraft, I turn my eyes to the horizon and look for the island. It's so far from here it's not even visible, but I've been journeying to and from it for long enough that I can navigate to it when it is out of sight fairly easily.

Banking to the east, I soar effortlessly above the calm blue waves. My eyes are open wide, drinking in the view and searching for the island. The sea and the sky meld into one at the horizon, turning my view into an endless and seamless panorama of blue; there is nothing to mar this flawless aquamarine perfection.

Not soon after, an island splits the sea and the sky with its ugly

form. It isn't the island, but one nonetheless. It appears to be covered in trees- perfect for skimming. I drop low, diving down and letting my wingtips carve a path through the dense ferns. The branches whip at my wingtips, but I want them to remember my presence. Every now and then I make more substantial contact with a tree, and I send tiny needles and leaves flying in a cloud. This is what flying should be about. Not just to get from one place to another, but to fill the hours of travelling with juvenile fun.

I travel the length of the island, skimming as low as I dare before the trees thin and a beach opens out before me. I continue flying straight on, before a tiny dark shape in the expanse of yellow catches my attention and I wheel around violently in the sky.

Unfortunately, my wing catches my tail-fin in my daring maneuver, and I lose control of my flight path. I spiral down, barely able to control my descent, and land with a painful thud on the sandy shore.

Shaking off the sand, and cringing as I feel a few nasty grains worming their way in between my scales, I clamber to my feet. I'm hoping nobody saw that. Night Furies are meant to be the rulers of the skies- what would another dragon think if they saw one floundering helplessly because they couldn't fly?

I may not be proud of a lot of things, of all of the things I have been compelled to do in this life, but the one thing I am proud of is my heritage. All of my kin are dead, from what I know, and I am the last of the Night Furies. It therefore falls down to me to uphold all of the values of our kind and to display the perfection, which was so rife among us, of the Night Fury that all other dragons have come to recognize.

And nothing, nothing, is more important to our species than our prowess in the sky. I would rather die, before being consigned to the ground as a downed dragon.

I drag my gaze towards the thing that had caused my crash-landing in the first place, and it takes me mere moments to realise that it is nothing more than a few tiny planks of wood. A small pang of distaste radiates from my mind as I mentally scold myself for showing up my kind for such a petty reason. The wood is probably from a boat or something, although why someone would be so stupid as to venture out in this storm in what appears to have been such a tiny boat escapes me. They don't seem too interesting, until I round the side of the tiny mound of wreckage and find something slightly unexpected.

A tiny figure is sprawled out in the sand. A human figure.

* * *

><p>Thank you for giving this a chance, and we hope you enjoyed it. I will be writing the next chapter.

Leave a review and honest feedback!

Absi B's profile: [u/5032146](#)

End
file.